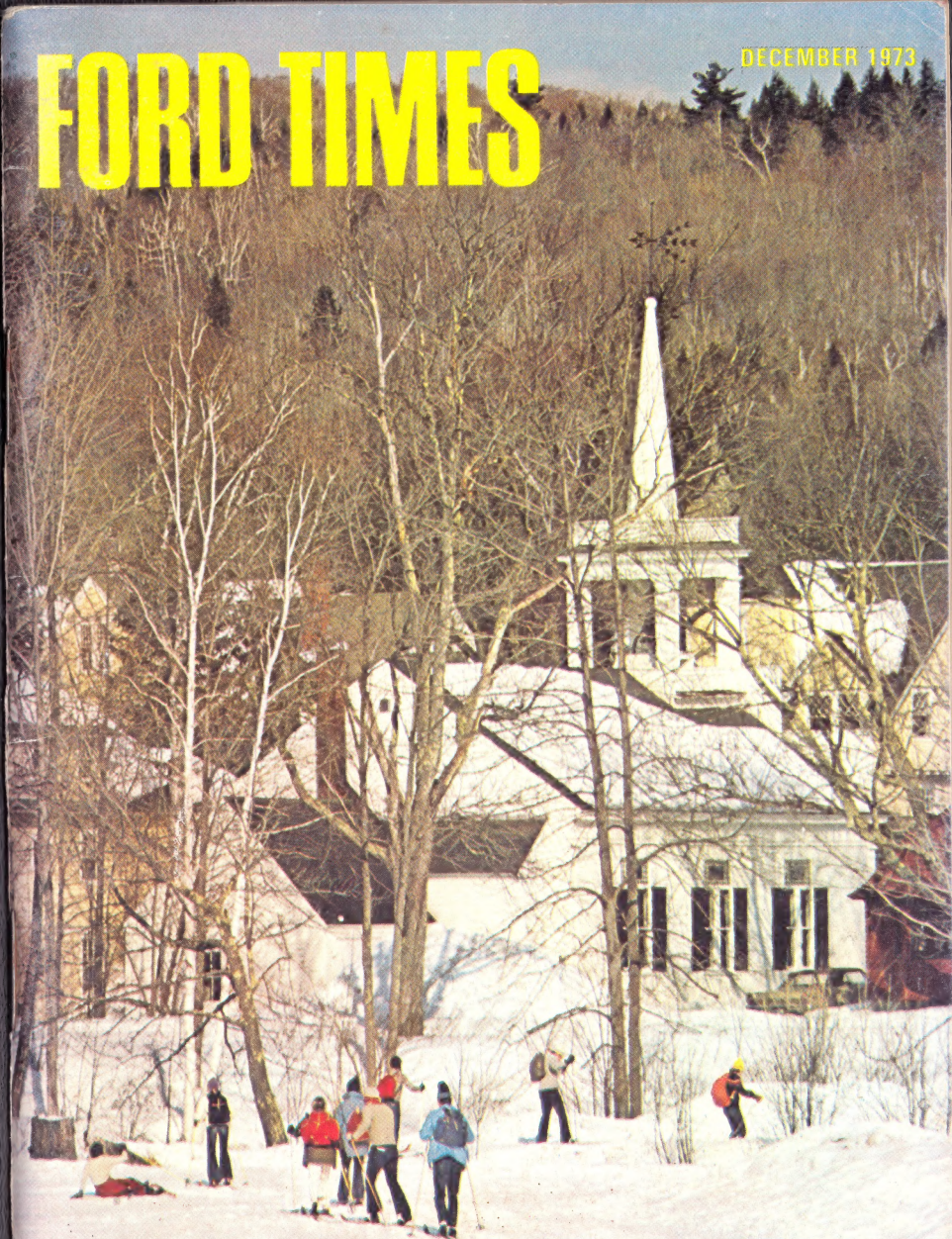


FORD TIMES

DECEMBER 1973



New England's Ski-Touring Town

Ford Mustang II Ghia.

The right luxury car at the right time.



Right because it's small in size for economy and ease of handling. Right because it gives you truly luxurious appointments and quality touches—an attention to detail that has earned respect for the proud Ghia name.

Outside: a custom-fitted vinyl roof plus a bold, color-keyed body molding and subtle accent striping are stan-

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The new Mustang II, in two body styles, four exciting models. Truly a whole new class of small car: First Class.

See it now at your Ford Dealer.

FORD MUSTANG II





FORD TIMES

The Ford Owner's Magazine

December, 1973, Vol. 66, No. 12

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COVER—This striking winter scene—with skiers against the backdrop of Jackson, New Hampshire—imparts a feeling of peace and relaxation. Cover and inside photos, as well as the story, are by Peter Miller. See Page 7.

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The American Road,
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WE HAD NOT thought much about Christmas when we planned the trip. We wanted good weather, a change of scenery, time for golf, an escape from the hectic holiday season. Our children were grown and would not be home that December. There was no reason to stay. So we decided on a winter vacation in Mexico.

We crossed the border at Nuevo Laredo and drove south about 500 miles to a resort called Covadonga near the old town of Ciudad Valles. The sun was hot, the sky was blue, the lodge was filled with suntanned vacationers talking about their golf scores. We played our first 18 holes and admired the ingenious caddies who found golf balls in what looked to us like impenetrable jungle growth, and fished balls out of the river with bamboo poles split at

Sandra's Christmas Kiss

*How a little girl's
affection cured a case of holiday loneliness*

by Burton Durkee

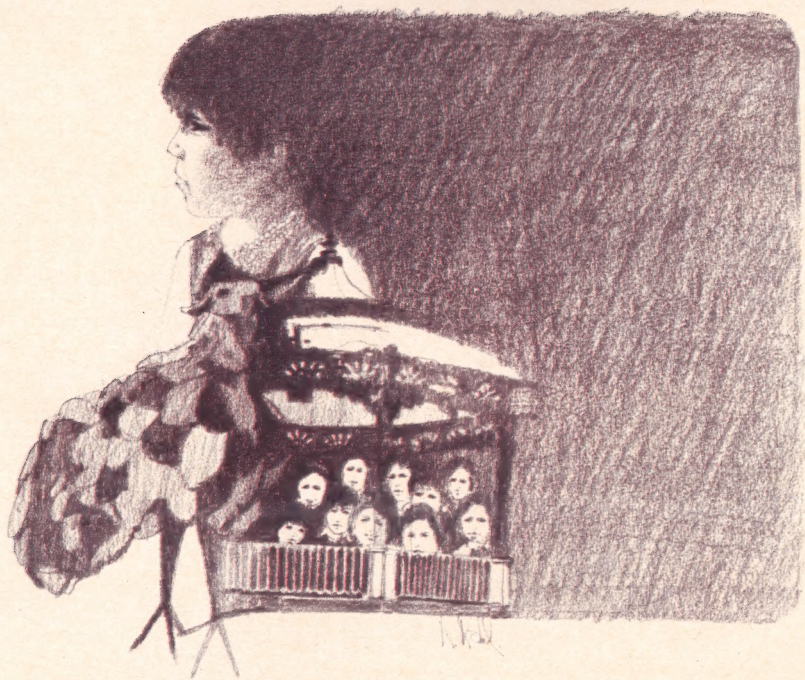
paintings by Konrad Kahl

the ends. We were enjoying ourselves and were glad that we had come.

Then it was Christmas Eve and we suddenly felt very far from home.

At the lodge, a festive program was planned. There were flowers and bright Mexican decorations everywhere. We admired the piñatas, made of yards of colored lacy paper, formed into elaborate shapes. There were giant elephants with tremendous red ears, grotesque dolls, jaunty burros with saddles of red and blue, great stars with bulging centers, their points covered with gold foil and ribbons. At the center of each piñata was an earthenware container filled with candy or cakes or little gifts.





First there was a tremendous feast for all the guests. We were serenaded by a costumed Mexican mariachi band. Then it was time for the breaking of the piñatas. This was a celebration for the children of the employes at the lodge.

In turn, children were blindfolded and given poles with which they flailed away, trying to break the piñatas which bobbed up and down on ropes. There were shrieks of excitement, laughter, applause at a lucky hit. The mariachi band played on. It was a gay and colorful scene—but nothing like the Christmases my wife and I were remembering. For more than 30 years Christmas had been a time for the family to be together. Our daughters, later their husbands, then grandchildren. Snow. A shining Christmas tree. Carols. Now we found ourselves alone in this far-away place, among strangers who seemed a little sad and lonely too.

Then we saw Sandra standing in the doorway.

Sandra was the daughter of Felipe, a waiter at the lodge. She was a small child of five, with deep brown skin and eyes glowing with excitement and anticipation. She was dressed in white with a wide red sash that matched the red ribbons in her shiny black pigtails. She wore a little cross on a chain around her neck and she was twisting the chain a little nervously.

"What a beautiful child," my wife said, and I nodded. I was already reaching for my camera.

Sandra stood in the doorway a moment longer. Then she began edging toward the tumultuous crowd, her eyes fixed on the piñatas. When she neared our table, I spoke to her. I showed her the camera and tried to indicate that I would like to take a picture.

I don't think she understood. She had never had her picture taken before. But she climbed up on my chair and



leaned against the back, completely unafraid and enchanted when the camera light flashed. She was the star of the show.

I waited a minute for each of the two prints to be ready so that I could peel off the backing. I'm not much of a photographer, but it would have been impossible to take anything but a fine picture of a child like Sandra. Then I tried to find her mother, struggling with a few words of Spanish remembered from college days. The mother was standing outside the doorway with a group of other parents and relatives of the children inside. When she saw the pictures, she gazed at them in wonderment. Then she exclaimed, "Es Sandra . . . Es Sandra!" It was the first time she had ever seen the miracle of instant pictures. But her smile told me that it was Christmas and a time for such things to be believed.

Remembering that the pictures should be mounted, I asked Sandra's mother if I could have them back for a little while. At least, that's what I intended to say, but my Spanish wasn't adequate and she thought I was taking the pictures to keep. When I left, my wife told me later, Sandra's mother looked as though she were ready to cry.

When I returned, the crowd had moved to the opposite end of the ballroom where the children were shouting and laughing as, one by one, the piñatas gave up their treasures of candy and gifts. I made my way slowly through the crowd, narrowly escaping the pole being swung around by an eager blindfolded boy. When I found Sandra's mother again, I gave her the pictures. She looked overjoyed. I couldn't see Sandra anywhere. She was undoubtedly eclipsed by a taller child in the throng gathered around the piñatas.

My wife was waiting for me at the table. We clapped when the last splendid piñata came crashing down. The children's festivities were ending. We talked about going back to our cottage but we were both reluctant to leave.

Then I felt a sudden tug at my coatsleeve. It was Sandra and she was smiling. She said not a word but stretched out her arms toward me. As I bent over, she quickly kissed my cheek and I felt warmth and love and joy in her small embrace. She was gone again before I could say goodbye. She waved from the doorway and disappeared into the dark. That was all.

But the lost, lonely feeling was gone. My wife and I beamed at each other. Sandra had given us Christmas. □



New England's Ski-Touring Town

Jackson, New Hampshire, has 57 superb miles of trails for a dollar a day

story and photos by Peter Miller

IT'S EASY TO MISS Jackson, New Hampshire. You just drive along Route 16 and keep gazing at those sturdy White Mountains that hug both sides of the road. To the west is Mt. Washington, one of the East's highest peaks, whose summit has often been battered with 200 mile-per-hour winds. To the east is Wildcat, one of the larger eastern ski

resorts. Just keep gazing up at these mountains and—zip—you've missed Jackson, a sliver of pretty village with a steepled church and a country store that looks like a model for a calendar cover.

In the summer Jackson is a lazy resort village with a golf course meandering through the center of town. Years ago, proper Bostonians



The popularity of cross-country skiing made itself felt from the first at Jackson, New Hampshire. The first weekend drew 600 ski-touring enthusiasts who deserted the slopes and headed for the woods





spent their summers in the rambling Victorian hotels, taking the clean mountain air. As a matter of fact, they still do. In the winter Jackson attracts skiers who schuss the slopes of nearby Wildcat, Cranmore, and two smaller areas, Black and Tyrol, which are in Jackson. But these downhill skiers are fickle. If the snow conditions are icy, they stay home, and for long vacations most prefer Colorado or Utah or Europe.

This fact bothered the town fathers of Jackson. They realized that their most precious assets were their mountains and their forests. They also realized that generating new business-resort complexes and real estate development would mean the

gradual erosion of these natural assets.

Jackson solved the problem by becoming the first community in the United States to actively sponsor a cross-country ski-touring center. The Jackson Ski-Touring Foundation is the first nonprofit chartered ski-touring corporation in North America, dedicated to maintaining a system of ski-touring trails and to promoting cross-country skiing.

There were two reasons for Jackson's decision. Touring, or cross-country, skiing complements ecological concern. Cross-country skiing, as opposed to alpine skiing, does not need extensive clearing of trails, building of lifts and lodges,

nor does it involve noise, pollution, or littering. Cross-country skiing would never overdevelop the town, or alter its character.

The second reason was purely economical. Jackson wanted to generate more tourism. Cross-country skiing is economical to develop. All that is needed for the sport are woods and fields for trails, a place for instruction, and a small lodge for waxing and renting skis.

Ski-touring happens to be the fastest growing winter sport in America. In 1969 there were an estimated 150,000 cross-country skiers. This year there will be more than three million men, women and children running through the woods with skis on their feet, or about half as many cross-country skiers as there are alpine skiers.

Economical skiing

There's a reason for ski-touring's sudden popularity. Cross-country skis, poles and boots can be purchased for \$60 compared to over \$200 for the same equipment for alpine skiing. A day of cross-country skiing is practically free, compared to \$8 and up for an alpine resort day ticket. The sport is also healthful, exercising the heart-lung system and almost all muscles, as any beginner will painfully tell you the day after his first venture.

The Jackson cross-country theme began with Brad Boynton, who first

skied the area in 1938 and since 1970 has been running the Wildcat Tavern. A downhill skier who also liked to ski cross-country, Boynton and a friend hacked out some cross-country trails and offered their guests ski-touring and winter picnic outings. They found that the tours attracted more guests to the tavern, and that even alpine skiers liked a change of ski technique, particularly when the downhill trails were icy and the woods filled with powder.

The next year the Wildcat Tavern owner cut more trails. About the same time Avery Caldwell, a cross-country skier, was hired as instructor. This operation was so successful that the local Chamber of Commerce urged Caldwell to prepare a report on cross-country skiing to sell the sport as a community project.

The 120-page report pinpointed how much of an asset a cross-country center would be to Jackson, and how much it would cost and how it would function. Store owners, lodge keepers and the ski resorts gave their financial approval and the foundation became a community project. The ski resorts, realizing that a touring center would increase their business, too, donated over \$2,000. A jeweler gave \$500 worth of pins to sell. The Foundation offered units of \$5 of stock and a \$45 bond to all residents and property owners in the community.

Cross-country skiers pause for a rest and some attention to their skis



In its first year the Foundation raised and borrowed \$30,000 and a six-man crew laid out cross-country trails and built bridges. National Forest officials issued a permit to the Foundation to use and maintain 40 miles of trails in the White Mountain National Forest.

The Foundation owns no land and Avery Caldwell and other officials talked to 56 land owners for permission to have cross-country trails on their property. Fifty-three consented and Jackson now has 57 trails, 75 miles in length, ranging from a 500-foot run to a 9.4-mile trail that leads from the summit of 4,860-foot Wildcat to the center of Jackson (trails also run from the summits of Black and Tyrol).

Last year, at the beginning of the first winter season, the Foundation had a touring center built by the Jack Frost Ski Shop, an instruction area, and even a small motorized vehicle to help prepare the trails.

Ski-touring quickly became popular in Jackson. During the first weekend up to 600 skiers purchased a 50-cent ticket (\$5 for the season at the time), rented skis, boots and poles for \$5 if they did not have their own, and headed for the woods. Families stayed for the week and downhill skiers were enthusiastic about cross-country skiing as a change from the thrill of speed, or from too much of a crowd on the slopes or in the lift lines.

Finnish, Swedish and American instructors, members of the Jack

Frost Ski School, gave lessons on the snow-covered golf course. More advanced skiers traveled by themselves or with guides to such places as Hall's Ledge, which offers one of the most spectacular views of Mt. Washington to be found in New Hampshire; or they skied Wild-Bog trail where the lucky ones caught a glimpse of Oscar, a shy wintering moose who lives just off the trail.

Safety is a factor

Many have taken to cross-country skiing because it is safe. "I took it up because I'm self-employed and I was afraid I would hurt myself in downhill skiing," said a smiling, red-suited Irishman who travels on weekends to Jackson from Connecticut with his wife and two children. "Also I felt I could keep up with my kids easier this way."

In the evening, after a day of snow and sun and cold, skiers warm themselves around the fireplace in the lounge of the Wildcat Tavern. Conversation is a melange of downhill and cross-country patois . . . "Found a purple kicker held better on the track today . . . I started with green but it didn't hold . . . We went boondocking in the woods, is there a lot of powder! . . ." Downhill skiers would parry: "The lift line wasn't too bad today . . . Boy, did I blast that mogul field . . . You see Tom burn doing that wheelie? . . . I think the better looking gals are doing cross-country . . ."

"How about a picnic in the



Ski-touring group emerges from Kissing Bridge near the town of Jackson

a delight to all Jacksonites. School children are ecstatic. Now they have afternoons off for ice skating, downhill skiing and cross-country skiing. Lodge owners have a steady winter business, and offer a five-day cross-country week, including lodging, meals, cross-country equipment, instruction, a guided picnic tour and a day of ski

woods tomorrow, just you and I?" said one cross-country skier to a girl who had been downhill skiing all day. "On cross-country skis, that is," he added.

Purple kicker, incidentally, is a wax placed on the ski under the foot to give the ski extra grabbing ability on the snow. Purple Kicker is also a hot wine drink served in the Wildcat Tavern which has extra grabbing ability for cold skiers.

The community ski program is

orientation, all for \$70 and up, depending upon how fancy you want your accommodations or how varied you want the wine cellar. Each lodge is connected to the ski-touring center by a cross-country trail. But more important is the good feeling that Jackson was able to put together a cross-country venture that uses the assets, goodwill and cooperation of the U.S. Government and 53 private land-owners—and do it for only a dollar per day per skier. □

by Hope Sawyer Buyukmihci

EVERYONE KNOWS that the red squirrel is a rascal. He eats birds' eggs, mows down mushrooms and clips innumerable twigs from pines. Too, he has the nerve to scold when you set foot in his domain. But for those who become acquainted with his half-pound of energy and character, a rewarding friendship is in store.

My latest contact among the *Tamiasciurus hudsonius* tribe is one called Reddy. I met him in the fall while patrolling our New Jersey wildlife refuge. On a pile of rusty junk at the edge of the woods something red flashed. Next a tirade flew at me from a retreat under a sheet

paintings by Charles Harper

within 10 feet. There he sat straight up, hands curled at his breast, big black eyes appraising my face.

"Hi," I said. "How are you?"

With a friendly twitter, he grabbed a nutmeat and began to eat. The initial period of acquaintanceship was complete; companionship would follow.

Making friends with Reddy brought memories of other red squirrels I have known. The first was Quizzy the Inquisitive, whom I met in another patch of woods. A trail of nutmeats leading along a log eventually coaxed Quizzy to my lap. For three years that log was my schoolroom and Quizzy my teacher.

Some of My Best Friends

Companionship with these lively creatures leads to

of tin. There stood my challenger, shrieking bravely, although I outweighed him 200-to-one.

"I'm your friend," I announced, scattering nutmeats before walking on. As days passed, Reddy, finding that I never chased him, became gradually tamer. Within two weeks he was waiting for me each morning, sitting on his junk pile, early sun backlighting his fluff of tail.

One day when I tossed nutmeats he flicked his tail and rushed up a tree, then hurried up and down tree trunks chirping. As I did not move he came closer, until he was

She showed me tricks of survival in the wild.

Food storage, for instance, was a vital matter. Piecrust, bread and nutmeats she took to crannies high in the trees; whole nuts she buried deep in the duff; an entire sweet potato, which I had thought she would be forced to eat in front of me, she spirited away along a path she cleared as she went. While she pushed and tugged, gnawing off sticks and roots that got in her way, she complained constantly. Whether she buried the potato or managed to haul it up a tree, I'll never know.



Are Red Squirrels

interesting and instructive days among the trees

One October day, as Quizzy and I sat companionably eating together (I savored a nutmeat now and then), a big hawk sailed overhead and lighted on a stub just above us. At the hawk's approach Quizzy dashed under a brushpile, where she huddled motionless for five minutes while the great bird looked this way and that. After he took off, Quizzy scampered back to my lap.

When after three years Quizzy no longer appeared, I assumed that her life was over. She may have reached the limit of squirrel age, about 12 years, or may have fallen to acci-

dent, disease or predatory animal.

In her memory I began another red squirrel friendship. This time it was Fiery, with a flaming orange tail. He and his wife Furry had a family in the hollow trunk of a pine. It was close to a beaver dam where each evening I photographed beavers and raccoons. I arrived before sundown to set up my camera, and there discovered Fiery. Next time I brought nutmeats, and within a week Fiery came pouncing along a mossy log to greet me when I arrived.

Every red squirrel I've known,



after stuffing himself, has tripped tirelessly back and forth until every scrap of food was stashed away. But Fiery had a problem. His wife subscribed to Women's Lib. Instead of hanging back for her husband to eat first, she would go to the food and keep him at bay with harsh words until the food was finished. Then she went off to her brood, while Fiery came down from his high perch to search for leftovers. I took to spreading a second feast. With happy chirps he ate, then scampered about storing what was left.

Stored in my mind's file are countless pictures of Fiery, his tail vibrant against moss or flipping gaily among brown leaves. But the best thing of all was his song, recorded on my ear. One April morning, having eaten breakfast, Fiery clambered up the cedar against which I leaned, hopped nimbly to a swamp maple crown, and began eating sunlit maple blossoms for dessert. While he ate, he sang—a birdlike twitter I had never heard before.

The red squirrel sings his cheerful tune in defiance of many dangers. His territory is frequented by a host of enemies. Weasels pursue him along the branches. One lesson of squirrelhood is the location of each knothole or other tight squeeze, in addition to all safe leaps from twigs too slender to hold a heavier body. He can slip into a hole too small for a weasel, and his eight



ounces take him where the 12-ounce weasel cannot go.

In spring and summer the red squirrel taps maple and birch with his teeth to lick the sweet flow, or follows the sapsucker around, stealing sap and trapped insects. He eats grubs from galls and wasp nests, and nibbles tender bark, leaves and buds of many trees and shrubs. In fall he is busy gathering nuts and acorns, hiding them away. But his mainstay is the cone of the pine. He is seldom found where there are no cones at all.

Although individual red squirrels have been known to eat birds' eggs and young, presence of one does not automatically doom birds in his vicinity. Robins and other songbirds have nested in the midst of a red squirrel's territory, the squirrel leaping daily over the nestlings without doing them harm. Since squirrels and birds have been neighbors for centuries, we may assume that they get along pretty well. But even a titmouse with courage will successfully defend his home.

I once saw a red squirrel retreat before a tufted titmouse less than half his size. The titmouse had been using a certain hole as a sleeping place. One evening the red squirrel tried to take possession, but every time he approached, the titmouse spread his wings, chirping defiance. As dusk settled the squirrel ran off and the triumphant little bird entered his chamber.

What good is a red squirrel?

One authority says, "He is the one live merry wild thing in the big dead silent pine woods. Summer and winter, he is visibly there, alert and musical, bustling and happy." And although he seems all wrapped up in his tiny self, he serves his woodland neighbors well. His alarm call may be the first hint of some threatening presence; his generous hoards may be rifled by a hungry creature in need; and he regularly feeds the earthbound deer. When deer have browsed as high as they can reach they may have to depend on the red squirrel, who ascends to the very tips of the pine and cedar and literally carpets the ground below with cut-off twigs.

John Muir, the naturalist-writer, said of the red squirrel:

"He threads the tasselled branches of the pine, stirring their needles like a rustling breeze; now shooting across openings in arrowy lines; now launching in curves, glinting deftly from side to side in sudden zigzags, and swirling in giddy loops and spirals around the knotty trunks . . . ever graceful, and punctuating his most irrepressible outbursts of energy with little dots and dashes of perfect repose."

As I watch Reddy basking on his sunlit piece of junk or cavorting in the pines, I feel close to Muir and to other poets who have tried to open our eyes to the miracles about us—not the least of which is the red squirrel, always ready to be our friend. □



A Car Accessory Makes an Ideal Gift

by Melvin Beck

IF YOU RUN OUT of Christmas gift ideas, remember that an accessory for a friend's car is always well received. And if he happens to be a camper, an outdoor recreation-oriented gift will be all the more welcome.

On these pages is a selection from the many Ford car (or light truck) accessories available, plus some new camping items. Some of these are available from your Ford Dealer,

from whom you can get price and further information.

Descriptions of the other items include the address of the manufacturer, from whom additional information may be obtained.

A. Back Pack Boat Kit. Weighing slightly over four pounds, this kit contains an inflatable boat of 200-pound capacity, a nylon carrying bag, foot pump, maintenance kit



and a two-piece paddle that assembles into a 48-inch length. The boat has separate air chambers 56 x 33 inches inflated. From Gloy's, Division of Amdis Corporation, 12 East 22nd Street, New York, New York 10010.

B. Chrome Hitch Receiver Cover.

This cover is designed to keep dirt out and protect a tow bar receiver when it is not in use. The cover is simply inserted in the tube and secured with the pin from the hitch ball mount. It is designed to fit two-inch receiver openings.

C. Trailer Circuit Tester. Circuit-Chek is a trigger action tester with an insulation-piercing contact point for 12-volt wiring of recreation ve-

hicles and boats to aid in making lighting hookups. It also helps locate shorts or in identifying wires when installing electrical accessories.

Items B and C from Valley Tow-Rite Division, Scott & Fetzer Company, 27 East Vine Street, Lodi, California 95240.

D. Panoramic Vision Mirror.

Available for all truck models, this mirror provides a broader, larger viewing field and is especially valuable for travel trailer towing. It has a chrome finish, an angle adjustment and installs on standard mirror bracket. From your Ford dealer.

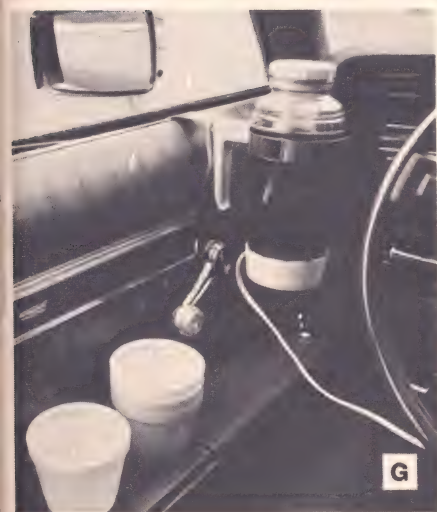
E. Camping Kitchen Set. Campers ranging from backpackers to recreation vehicle owners can make



E



F



G



H

use of this light, compact set of aluminum cookware (No. 305) that nests together in a four-inch-high by eight and one-half-inch diameter unit that weighs 26 ounces. It includes two pots, a frying pan, a one-quart kettle, a handle for gripping the pan and pots, and a rubber strap for securing the kit together. See Item A for address.

F. Recreation Table. This multi-use portable table can be set up in the rear passenger area of your vehicle or be taken to picnic areas. Has checkerboard imprinted on surface, cup-holder depressions and magnetized checkers. It locks into position in Ford wagons and can be folded for storage. From your Ford dealer.

G. Driver's Pot. This pot plugs into your cigar lighter socket and heats coffee or tea. A cloth strainer permits use of ground or instant coffee or tea. A color bulb in the base illuminates the brewing when using in the car. Includes four cups and a holder for attaching to the car door.



From Bonanza Enterprises, 143 Sweet Avenue, Buffalo, New York 14212.

H. Coolant Recovery System. This unit catches radiator coolant overflow, stores and returns it for re-use after pressure is relieved. Ideal for high temperature conditions which may occur during trailer towing, driving in heavy traffic or on long trips. Connects to cooling system of all Ford car and light truck models. From your Ford dealer.

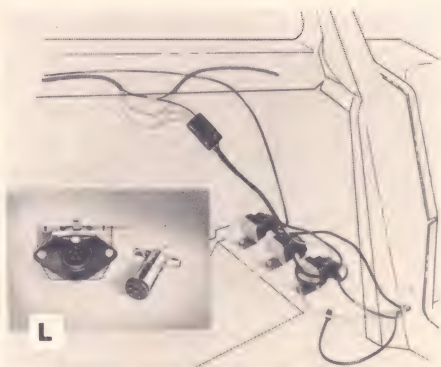
I. Tonneau Cover. A sturdy cargo cover for the eight-foot styleside pickup box. This attractive, functional item is conveniently attached and removed, and easily stored. In black or white for Ford F-100, F-250, Ranchero and Courier. From your Ford dealer.

J. Propane Three-Burner Campstove. The manufacturer says this portable, indoor-outdoor, heavy-duty stove operates like a home gas



range. Burners generate 6,000 BTU/hr heat and are recessed to prevent flame distortion. It can handle two 12-inch fry pans and a sauce pan or coffee pot, and has a three-sided windshield. From Paulin Products Company, Dept. NR, 30520 Lakeland Blvd., Willowick, Ohio 44094.

K. Mustang II His or Her Belt. Mustang II owners: you can get more in step with your new car by ordering this steerhide leather belt



with embossed, antique-finished buckle. In black or brown in sizes XS, 22-24; S, 26-28; MS, 30-32; M, 34-36; L, 38-40; XL, 42-44. From Americana International Shoppes, LTD, Rochester Junction, 600 Main Street, Rochester, Michigan 48063.

L. Trailer Wiring Harness. A dependable hook-up for wiring vehicle to trailer. Has relays for preventing overload of circuit. (INSET) TRAILER WIRING CONNECTOR KIT. To connect wiring of trailer and towing vehicle. From your Ford dealer.



M. Water Carrier/Dispenser. This plastic carrier holds two and one-half gallons of water, has a large fill spout and a faucet with on-off valve. It weighs 10 ounces and folds into a small flat package. See Item A for address. □

GRAND CANYON



IN WINTER

story and photos by Bill Gillette



The rim of this awesome chasm wears a mantle of white in winter, but at the bottom it's summertime

THE GRAND CANYON in winter is a picture to be savored—a moving panorama of swirling clouds, of fleeting shapes and of rugged buttes changing form with each nuance of light. Passing storms powder-puff the Canyon gently, frosting the park in a necklace of silver. A setting winter sun adds to the scene, spilling a deep red glow from rim to rim.

For the visitor it is an enchanted time. Gone are the 90-plus temperatures of midsummer and crowds which can swell to more than 15,000 people a day. Winter is a time of peace and solitude. Yet the winter Grand Canyon has two faces.

One vertical mile and one billion geological years below the south rim, summer rests quietly. Sixty-degree temperatures greet the hiker seeking the Canyon's summer face. For the hardy sportsman, trout, some tipping the scales at over four pounds, lurk in clear streams feeding the muddy Colorado. The inner canyon campgrounds are an oasis of warmth and beauty in a winter setting. In contrast to summer months, a wide choice of campsites is available, but campfires are not allowed. Hikers, who should check first with the national park service before descending into the canyon, must rely on small mountain stoves.

You don't have to be a hiker, though, to enjoy the Grand Canyon. Its winter wardrobe is on display from December to April.

Perhaps you are vacationing in southern Arizona's sun and decide on a weekend excursion to the north. In four hours you climb nearly a mile in elevation on Interstate 17, leaving Phoenix and desert cactus behind. Thick pine forests crowd the road near Flagstaff, giving way to rolling grasslands near the Canyon.

At the park a sign requests the entrance fee be paid at the visitors' center since the main gate is closed for the winter. With no crowds and no car horns to disturb its solitude, the Grand Canyon takes on a wilderness atmosphere.

Pulling into one of the scenic overlooks you seem to step back in time. Alone with your thoughts, it is easy to recall the words of naturalist John Muir who, after visiting the Canyon in the winter of 1889, picturesquely described it as, "incomparably lovely . . . grand and supreme above all other canyons in our fire-moulded, earthquake-shaken, rainwashed, river- and glacier-sculptured world." Conservationists such as John Muir and later President Theodore Roosevelt prodded Congress to declare the

Canyon a national park. In 1919 the yawning chasm achieved national park status, thus preserving its unique wilderness for future generations.

A slight movement sparks your thoughts back to the present. A mule deer steps out of the brush, eyes you with curiosity, then silently disappears. That night, secure in a warm cabin, you doze off to the sound of an approaching storm.

Winter spectacle

Morning reveals a magical scene. Piñon trees dipping under new snow frame a storm boiling in the canyon below. Clouds roll and toss in the wind as the sun spotlights one butte after another. You watch as peaks seem to float in the storm, then disappear only to reappear a few seconds later. It is a winter spectacular choreographed by nature and once seen is never forgotten.

Winter spectaculars are only part of the Canyon's offerings. The Canyon's summer face awaits below the south rim. For the ambitious hiker, two trails lead out of the snow into the Canyon. The Bright Angel and the South Kaibab Trails are open year-round. Since it is shorter, the Kaibab is a good choice for descending. The Bright Angel is much better for the return trip. It is longer, but less steep.

Let's say, as the adventurous type, you shoulder your pack for the seven-mile hike into the Can-

yon. The first half mile is a ski-run-slick challenge. However, as you emerge from the rim's shadow the snow disappears. At the half-way point summer arrives and off come winter coats. By the time you start the last mile of switchbacks you are down to a tee shirt.

Snow still glistens on the rim above, but in the seven-mile long, 5,000-foot vertical descent you have changed climates from mountain to desert. At the bottom a suspension bridge spans the Colorado River, leading to a group of cottonwood trees greening in anticipation of spring. To one side the silt-laden Colorado continues its million-year-old carving process as rapids crash basket-size boulders into the canyon walls. Nearby a tributary, the crystal clear Bright Angel Creek, tumbles through a side canyon.

Ideal for fishing

If you are a fisherman you shed your pack and start up the creek. Your dry fly floats over a small pool. A splash and there's a brightly colored native trout for dinner. If you are the average hiker, though, you will probably take a few minutes to cool trail-weary feet in the ice-cold stream.

After dinner the next day's activities are planned as a setting sun glows briefly on the canyon walls a mile above. The rest of the stay can be taken up by fishing, by tracing some of the Canyon's geological history or just by basking in the

summer warmth.

The climb back out comes too soon. You choose the Bright Angel Trail which is a gradual nine-mile climb. Even so, it is a muscle-tiring hike and you may have a twinge of nostalgia for one enterprising group which is said to have lowered a Ford car into the Canyon to assist visitors in their sightseeing. That was before Grand Canyon became a national park. Today's winter explorer must rely on foot power.

Within a mile of the top snow appears as a storm moves in. You are stiff and tired, but looking back into the Canyon and knowing you have been there gives a strong sense of accomplishment. You have gone from winter to summer and back in a few hours. Each step has brought a new view of the Canyon's ever-changing face.

Whether you view the Canyon from one of the rim-level observa-



Winter turns to summer at Canyon's bottom

tion points or backpack into its depths, there is one thing which separates you from the summer visitor. You have seen the Grand Canyon at its best. Buffeted by storms, blanketed by snow, coming alive under forces of nature, it is an unparalleled experience, a sight few forget. □

The Spirit of '76



What was it? A mood, a faith, a set of beliefs?

It was all that and a little more

by Thomas Fleming

paintings by Miriam Schottland



THE SPIRIT of 1776 was both a mood and a set of beliefs. As a mood it was rooted in the intuition that Americans were a distinct, separate people.

In the past, historians have stressed the difficulties that the Revolutionary generation of Americans faced, welding 13 disparate colonies into a nation. But recent research has revealed a strong sense of American identity long before the year 1776.

As early as 1722, sixteen-year-old Benjamin Franklin wrote in his brother's Boston newspaper: "I am . . . a mortal enemy to arbitrary government and unlimited power. I am naturally very jealous for the rights and liberties of my country." This jealousy was evident again and again throughout the first 76 years of the



century. There was scarcely a colony that did not brawl with governors and other officials appointed by England. What exploded in 1776 was in part an exasperated determination to let the English know, once and for all, that the Americans were in charge of their continent.

This mood was deeper and in many ways more important than the ideas of the Revolution to the men of 1776. Several decades after the war, a politician asked one of the heroes of the Battle of Lexington why he had fought. The old man did not mention a word about equal rights, or republican versus royal government. "Young man," he said, "what we meant in going for those redcoats was this: We always had governed ourselves and we always meant to. They didn't mean we should."

This profound sense of independence explains why Americans were able to overcome the sometimes alarming differences between the wealthy planters of the South, the worldly merchants of

New York, and the pious lawyers of Massachusetts. It lay behind Patrick Henry's dramatic declaration in the Continental Congress that he was no longer a Virginian. He was an American.

Not only the leaders possessed this consciousness. It penetrated all the way down to the lowest ranks of the American army. On July 4, 1776, Hezekiah Hayden of Connecticut wrote to his mother and father: "The time is now near at hand which must probably determine whether Americans are to be free men or slaves . . . Let us therefore show the whole world that free men contending for liberty on their own grounds are superior to any slavish mercenary on earth."

The embattled Americans were also united by the soaring ideas and ideals of the Revolution. When Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, he later recalled that he consulted neither book nor manuscript. What he wrote, he said, was simply "an expression of the American mind." The Americans were keenly aware that these ideas—equality before the law, freedom of speech, elective government—were meaningful to all men.

From France, where he was persuading the reluctant Louis XVI to support the Revolution, Benjamin Franklin wrote: "Our cause is the cause of all mankind."

But it was the voice of English-born Thomas Paine that sounded this note with unforgettable vigor and clarity. "The sun never shined on a cause of greater worth . . . 'Tis not the concern of a day, a year or an age; posterity is vitally involved in the contest and will be more or less affected even to the end of time by the proceedings now."

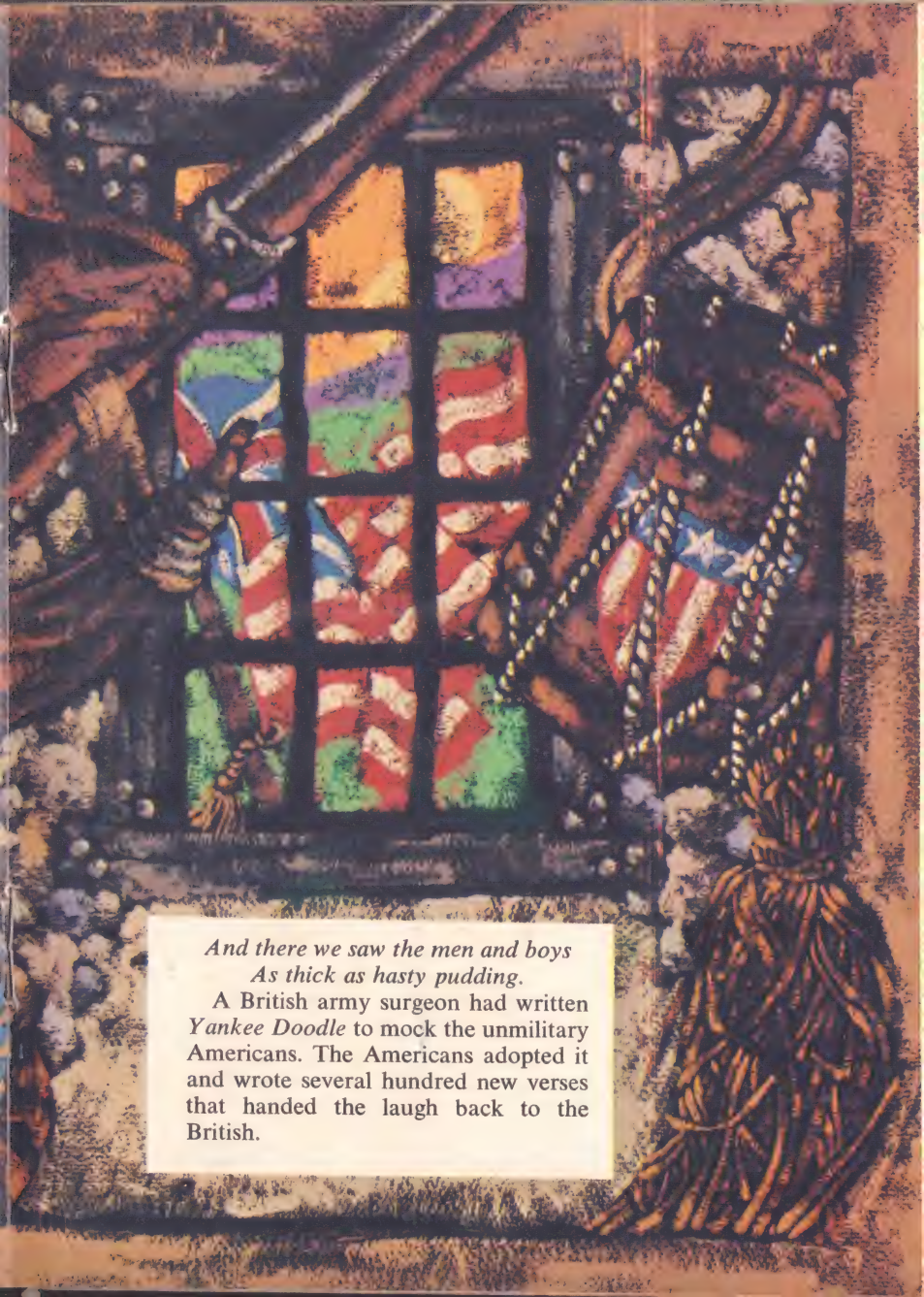
To give them courage to fight Great Britain, the strongest nation in the civilized world, the Americans sang defiant songs. Their favorite was a cocky tune that began:

*Father and I went down to camp
Along with Captain Gooding*





PRO
PATRIA
ET
RELIGIONE



*And there we saw the men and boys
As thick as hasty pudding.*

A British army surgeon had written *Yankee Doodle* to mock the unmilitary Americans. The Americans adopted it and wrote several hundred new verses that handed the laugh back to the British.

There were dozens of other songs. Thomas Paine wrote one that pictured Americans living in peace beneath a guardian Liberty Tree that "tyrannical powers" were now attempting to cut down.

From the East to the West blow the trumpet to arms

Thro the land let the sound of it flee

Let the far and the near all unite with a cheer

In defense of our Liberty Tree.

Intimately connected to this sense of a whole people fighting for a supremely important cause was a spirit of sacrifice. We hear it in Dr. Joseph Warren's words, as he rides to his death at Bunker Hill. "It is sweet and fitting to die for your country." We hear it again on the lips of the young Connecticut school teacher and unsuccessful spy, Nathan Hale, as he stands with the hangman's knot at his throat: "My only regret is that I have but one life to give for my country."

In spite of the magnificent words, the stirring songs, the heroic examples, there were times when the spirit of 1776 faltered. The Revolutionary War lasted eight long years. In the snows and the starvation of Valley Forge and Morristown, more than a few Americans lost heart. Raging over the sufferings of his men in 1780, Colonel Ebenezer Huntington of Connecticut told his father: "I despise my countrymen. I wish I could say I was not born in America. I once gloried in it but now am ashamed of it. The insults and neglects which the army have met with from the country beggars all description."

But other men who saw the same harsh sights found new courage in them. "I cherish those dear ragged Continentals whose patience will be the admiration of future ages," wrote one of Washington's aides, "and I glory in bleeding with them."

Ultimately, most Americans remained doggedly faithful to "the Cause" because they knew the long bitter struggle was worthwhile. They were sustained by the vivid, almost prophetic vision of John Adams, who wrote in 1776: "I am well aware of the toil and blood and treasure it will cost us to maintain this Declaration and support and defend these states. Yet through all the gloom I can see the rays of ravishing light and glory."

There is the essence of the spirit of 1776. It was a faith that a community of free men and women had a future that was worth fighting—and even dying—to achieve. Let us hope it will still be true in 1976—and 2076. □

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Only Philco-Ford gives you a two year service guarantee on solid state color consoles. Not one year like everybody else.

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How can we give you a two year service guarantee and cover all parts and labor? A service guarantee that protects the entire set for twice as long as any other major manufacturer?

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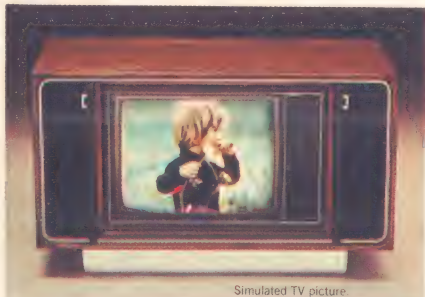
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PHILCO 

We think we engineer them better. So we guarantee them better.

William Shakespeare, The Travel Writer

by William Garvin



TRAVEL POSTER:

I rather would entreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad
Than (live) dully sluggardiz'd at home . . .

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*
Act 1, Scene 1

BUSY MOTEL:

. . . for three months . . . No . . .
vacancy—
Both day and night . . .

—*Twelfth-Night*
Act V, Scene 1

TRAVEL AGENT:

Therefore devise with me how we may
fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us . . .

—*As You Like It*
Act 1, Scene 3

AIRLINE AD Fly, fly, fly! Fly, my lord, fly.
(Hard Sell): —*Julius Caesar*
Act V, Scene 5

NO, GO BY The . . . train (is) better worth than all .
RAILROAD: —*Henry VI, Part 2*
Act I, Scene 3

NO, A SHIP (There is) no more delight
IS BEST: Than to be under sail and gone tonight.
—*Merchant of Venice*
Act II, Scene 6

INTERNATIONAL Well, if we had of every nation a
HOTEL CHAIN: traveller, we should lodge them . . .
—*Pericles*
Act IV, Scene 2

POSTCARD: . . . wish you . . . (were) here . . .
—*Measure for Measure*
Act IV, Scene 1

NATIVE RETURNS . . . I may quietly enjoy mine own . . .
TO NEW ENGLAND Maine . . .
FOR A REST: Free from oppression . . .
—*Henry VI, Part 1*
Act V, Scene 3

VISIT LAS VEGAS, Pleasure and action make the hours
WHERE . . . seem short.
—*Othello*
Act II, Scene 3

OR HOW ABOUT
MIAMI?

Come on . . . down . . .

—*The Tempest*
Act II, Scene 2

MIXUP
IN THE HOTEL
RESERVATION:

You must foresake this room and go . . .

—*Othello*
Act V, Scene 2

ROAD SIGN:

Be warned . . . they that . . . ride not
warily, fall into foul bogs.

—*Henry V*
Act III, Scene 7

SOME PEOPLE
LIKE SKI
RESORTS:

. . . but the many will be too chill and
tender, and they'll be for the . . . way
that leads to . . . the great fire.

—*All's Well That Ends Well*
Act IV, Scene 5

OTHERS PREFER
THE BEACH:

. . . where, wretches, their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.

—*Henry V*
Act IV, Scene 3

IT'S A
NICE PLACE
TO VISIT, BUT . . .

I would not there reside . . .

—*Othello*
Act I, Scene 3

Excerpts from *You Said It, Shakespeare*, by William
Garvin, published by Paul S. Eriksson, Inc. New York.

The Big Ford Line For '74



Examine these fine cars and we think you'll agree: the closer you look the better we look

By Burgess H. Scott

TO EMPHASIZE the fine materials and workmanship expended on the 1974 Fords (and other Ford Division lines as well), car buyers are being invited by Ford dealers to make more than a casual examina-

tion of the new models. In fact, the buyers are going to be taught how to inspect a car for quality workmanship.

In dealerships and through a broad advertising program, buyers





Brougham Luxury Group's rich interior

will be shown 14 key points of quality to look for in selecting a car, a procedure that professional car quality inspectors follow.

First the buyers will be told to notice the car's appearance, the way it's styled for a look of quality and beauty. Then the buyers should proceed as follows:

Examine the luster and high gloss of body paint, and the precise fit and alignment of exterior moldings. Check the door openings—notice how even and narrow they are. See the convenience of the exterior door handles, open the door to check its ease of operation, and note the accessibility of the interior handles.

Now slam the door and hear the solid sound of a correctly hung door latching. Next open the door

Left: Luxurious LTD Brougham Two-Door Hardtop. Inset shows its conveniently arranged instrument panel

again for an overall view of the beautiful interior.

A much closer inspection is needed to rate the interior, so touch the upholstery for the feel of quality. See that the seams are neatly stitched, and the fabric has an overall well-tailored appearance.

Sit down on the seat and lean on the seat back to feel the comfort and support of the cushioning. Then use the seat adjusting lever to find how smoothly the seat slides on its track

look at the smooth and snug fit of the carpeting.

Roll down the windows and see the new pocketless weather stripping designed to reduce wind noise, and touch the headliner to experience its plush, soft-padded feel.

For a final test take a demonstration drive and see how precision workmanship and quality materials produce the smooth, solid, quiet ride that has become a Ford trademark.



Top of the line
LTD Country Squire

and locks positively in the position chosen.

Take a good look at the instrument panel and note the visibility of the controls and how easily they are reached. Notice also its handsome design. Open and close the spacious glove box and find how rattle-free the door and lock are.

Notice the stylish door trim panels and the comfortable, thickly padded, full length armrests. Also

The fourteen Ford models offer a wide choice for 1974: three LTD Broughams, three LTDs, three Galaxie 500s, a Custom 500 and four station wagons from the Wagonmaster.

Each model has standard equipment including power steering, SelectShift Cruise-O-Matic transmission, power front disc brakes and the 351-cubic-inch 2V V-8 engine (400-cubic-inch 2V V-8 is standard



Handsome LTD
Four-Door Hardtop

on the LTD Wagon and Country Squire). Optional engines are the 400-cubic-inch and 460-cubic-inch 4V V-8, both with solid state ignition system.

New standard equipment also includes steel belted black radial-ply tires on all LTD Brougham, LTD and Country Squire models. These tires are optional on other models.

Among many options is the elegant new Brougham Luxury Group

for LTD Brougham models only. This handsome option includes crushed velour cloth upholstery, split bench seats with manual passenger recliner, velour door trim inserts, door pull-straps, 25-ounce cut pile carpeting, rear seat cigar lighters, luggage compartment carpeting, door courtesy lights, the Deluxe Bumper Group and the Convenience Group. The latter includes such useful items as left and right

Value-packed Galaxie 500
Four-Door Hardtop





Ford plant employee meetings build enthusiasm for quality manufacture

hand remote control mirrors, electric trunk lid release, automatic parking brake release and interval windshield wipers.

A wide choice of interior trims is offered for Ford station wagons. A new Squire Luxury Group option adds a high level of opulence to the already plush Country Squire, including split bench seats and center armrests covered in tan super-soft vinyl. The passenger seat has a manual recliner. Passenger compartment carpeting is 25-ounce cut pile; the cargo area is carpeted and finished with padded quarter panels and lockable side stowage compartment.

Also included are the Deluxe Bumper Group, cigar lighters in rear door armrests, rear door courtesy light switches, tailgate window

washer and the Convenience Group described above, with an electric power tailgate lock replacing the trunk release.

The Squire Brougham Option is an elegant choice for the Country Squire. It includes a split bench seat and choice of all-vinyl or DuraWeave trim. The latter is an exclusive Ford material that looks, feels and breathes like cloth, but has the durability and cleanability of all-vinyl. DuraWeave is also available on bench seat LTD Wagons and Country Squires. All interior features are LTD Brougham style level.

The option also has passenger area cut-pile carpeting, front door courtesy lights, rear door courtesy light switches and auxiliary ash tray in right front armrest.

Your examination of the Fords for 1974 will convince you that, more than ever, the closer you look, the better we look.

The Fords pictured on pages 39-44 (inclusive) have one or more of the following options: Deluxe Bumper Group, Convenience Group, front cornering lamps, deluxe wheel covers, dual accent paint stripes, white sidewall tires, Fingertip Speed Control, power side windows, power door locks, split bench seats, AM/FM stereo radio with tape player, SelectAire Conditioner, power seat—driver only, AM/FM stereo radio, deluxe luggage rack, Dual Facing Rear Seats, vinyl insert bodyside moldings, color-keyed deluxe seat belts, vinyl roof, wheel covers. □



How To Get To Bon Secour

*It takes a little doing, but it's worth seeking out
this nearly lost piece of the Deep South*

by Wyatt Blassingame

paintings by Leo Hershfield

FOR HALF A DAY I drove—and walked—around Alabama's Bon Secour area, looking at boats and trees and flowers and sudden, winding, dark-water bayous that seemed to slip between the trees

from any direction. At last I stopped at what seemed to me the very heart of downtown Bon Secour. At least there were cross-roads, a small grocery, and a filling station. A man and woman were talking in front of the grocery. I got out and asked if they could tell me where Alabama State Road 8 was.

They both looked puzzled. The woman asked, "Do you know, Mr. Charlie?"

Mr. Charlie shook his head.

"According to this road map," I said, "the east-west road right here ought to be 8. At least the map shows 8 going to Bon Secour. But that sign over there says 10."

They looked politely at the map I held, then at the road sign. "That's right," Mr. Charlie said. "That sign sure says 10."

"And we're in Bon Secour," the lady said.

"Then where's 8?"

The lady looked sincerely perplexed. She wanted to be helpful. "I was born here," she said. "I've lived around here all my life. But when I want to go somewhere, I just get in my car and go. I don't pay any heed to what numbers they have on the map."

Now if you weren't born in Bon Secour, you may have to pay some heed to the road maps. And except for Road 8 on the maps being Road 10 on the signs (at least I never did find 8, and 10 certainly went where 8 was supposed to go) they aren't too confusing.

But, however you get there, Bon Secour is worth the trouble. Everybody may not agree with me. Blink twice and you can pass through without knowing you've been there. But get off the highway (no matter what number it is), take the little roads, some paved, some unpaved. Moss-hung oaks make tunnels of these side roads. Old houses, and sometimes elegant new ones, are half hidden behind walls of azaleas, camellias, and dogwood. In the spring it is a mass of color, softened by the shade of the oaks. In summer the shadows have a cool, green tint. There is nearly always a breeze, the sound of it in the leaves, and the smell of salt water.

To get here turn south off U. S. 98 in or near Foley, Alabama, on either State Road 65 or 59. Where this encounters State Road 10—on the marker, not the map—turn west. Before long there'll be a sign, half overgrown by bushes, that points south to Swift's Landing. Beside it is another pointing in the same direction

to Meme's, one of the area's fine seafood restaurants.

Swift's Landing is the busy part of Bon Secour. Here the shrimp and oyster boats tie up. The water is deep but narrow with tidal marshes reaching toward the horizon on the far side. Along the wharf the Bon Secour Seafood Company has its offices, and cargoes of shrimp, oysters, fish are transferred to big, refrigerated trucks. A machine blows crushed ice through a giant hose into the holds of outgoing shrimp boats. It makes a noise like a fog-horn—very odd indeed on a perfectly clear day. And if you have a cooler of some kind you can buy, just off the boat, already beheaded shrimp for approximately half what you would pay a hundred miles away.

Unfortunately all is not as idyllic in Bon Secour as it was a few years ago. Then the Bon Secour oyster was famous even along the shores of Chesapeake Bay. Some gourmets claimed these were the only oysters in the world that could be fried crisp on the outside and remain juicy on the inside. Several years ago I went to a church dinner in Bon Secour where the ladies served oysters, and I came away convinced that if all church dinners were like this there wouldn't be an atheist in the world. There were raw oysters, fried oysters, baked oysters, and oysters broiled on toast; there was oyster soup, oyster casserole, and oyster Creole; there were oysters roasted, scalloped, and in stew. But on my last visit there were no oysters being unloaded at Swift's Landing even though it was late October. An old man was sitting on the deck of a rusting boat and I asked about it.

"We still get a few from the other side of the bay," he said. "But there ain't no Bon Secour oysters."



Sea food is at
its best at
Meme's Restaurant

I asked why
and he leaned and
spat in the water.
"Pollution," he
said.

A manager of
the seafood com-
pany was a little
more cheerful.
The government is
taking some steps
to correct the pol-
lution. Material
for new oyster
beds—rocks, con-
crete blocks, old
oyster shells—is
being laid. They
will be of no value
until the water is
once more clean.
And I hope the
ladies of the Bon
Secour churches
are not only say-
ing their prayers,
but writing to
their politicians.

A hundred feet
or so from the
seafood company
is Meme's Restau-
rant. It is a small,





weather-beaten, frame building with its feet in the water and a giant oak hanging overhead. But in a country famous for its seafood, hungry diners come in droves from Mobile, some 50 miles to the north, and from Pensacola, even farther to the east. Lunch is served from noon until three, dinner from six to nine, Tuesday through Saturday. If you're planning on dinner it's safest to have reservations.

Meme's advertises "Cocktails—your choice; shrimp, crabmeat, or oyster." If you want any other kind, you have to bring it with you.

For the Florida-bound traveler Bon Secour is no longer a dead end tour, and really very little out of the way. Just to its east is State Road 59 which runs straight south to the towns of Gulf Shores and Orange Beach. From here a new highway, State Road 182, goes leapfrogging over islands and peninsulas, sometimes close along the water, sometimes cutting through forests of pines, all the way to Pensacola.

Along this stretch the Alabama beaches are much like those found in north Florida. Many new houses are going up along the new road; some of these are small summer cottages, some very plush indeed. There are numerous motels and restaurants. But like those of north Florida, many are open only in the summer. With the Gulf close alongside most of the way, it's a very pleasant drive.

But if you go to Bon Secour, *please* don't hurry. Take a little time. Get off the highway. Otherwise, you'll never know you've been there. □

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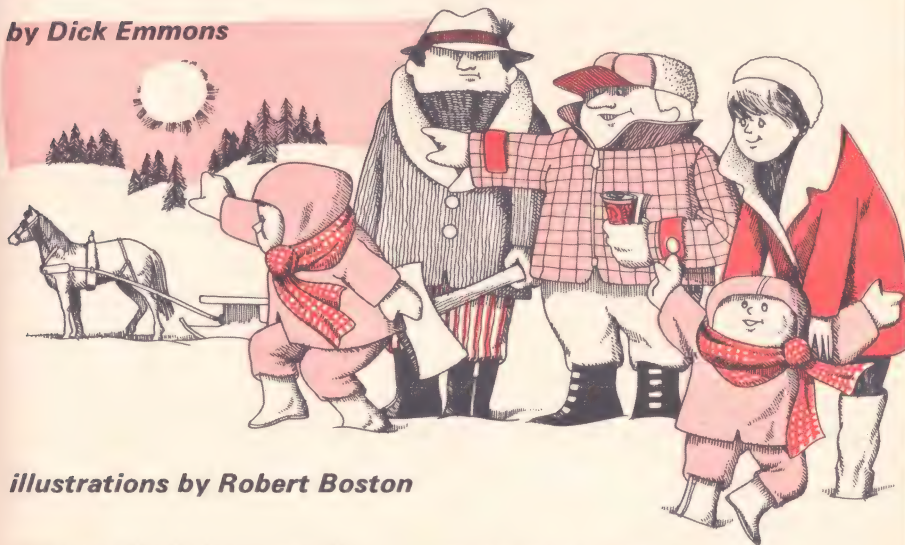
Sending you FORD TIMES each month is his way of contributing to your reading and travel pleasure. If you enjoy the magazine, we hope you will let him know.

... and perhaps come and see him when you are in the market for a new car . . . or require service for your present one.

Family Hassle at the Christmas Tree Farm

*One way to avoid trouble is to measure
before you chop*

by Dick Emmons



illustrations by Robert Boston

"TELL YOU WHAT," my wife chirped the other day.

I jumped. Whenever she starts a sentence with "tell you what" I know it is going to mean (a) spending money, (b) spending energy, or (c) an unhappy combination of the two of them.

"This Christmas," she rattled on, "let's not just go down to the

corner service station to buy our Christmas tree—"

"Where would you suggest going," I asked, "over to the stamp-redemption center?"

She ignored my clever thrust. "This year let's go out in the woods and chop down our very own tree—"

"Hurray!" cried our twin sons

in chorus. "Can we, Dad?"

I beat a strategic retreat.

"In the first place," I said, "the sheriff of this county takes a sticky view of people who go around chopping down farmers' trees and in the second place—"

"No, no," my wife inserted.

"I saw an ad in the paper last night that invites you to come to this tree farm, pick out your own tree, chop it down and pay a dollar per foot for however tall it is."

"Let's do it, Dad!" Dave encouraged. Dick echoed the sentiment.

"No," I said firmly.

The next afternoon, a Sunday, we all piled into the station wagon and headed for the address listed in the advertisement.

It was only 14 miles out of town, but thanks to some highly imaginative navigation on the part of the girl I married it took us an hour and a half to find it.

"Better hurry, folks," the farmer told us. "It'll be dark soon."

"Yeah," I agreed, "maybe we better come back another time—now that we know the countryside for miles around."

The twins said, "aw" and my wife voted with them, and before I could lay a finger aside of my nose we were all on a large sled reluctantly pulled by a horse named Fred who was reputed to be able to get us to the "chopping

area" without guidance.

What Fred lacked in enthusiasm he made up in deliberateness, possibly because the chopping area lay in one direction and the barn in quite another. By the time we reached the stand of pines it was dusk and I could hardly see Fred's ears, which were flat against his head and conveyed very little good will toward men.

Nonetheless, we all hopped off the sled and dashed about trying to select precisely "the right tree" for our living room. My choice was a dandy little three-footer that we could have mounted on a card table.

My wife, however, pointed at a tree that soared majestically out of sight. "Chop," she commanded.

"We're not getting this for a cathedral," I whined.

"Chop," she repeated.

"We'll help, Dad!" the boys offered.

"Thanks, fellows, but this is man's work," I told them. "Did I ever tell you boys about the time I cut down a huge oak—"

"Your father told me about that," my wife said sweetly. "You first put an axe to it when you were in the fifth grade and kept chopping away until you finished high school. The thing died of its wounds and fell over when you went away to college. Chop."

I spat on my hands, measured my adversary and swung mightily



in the gathering dark. To my satisfaction, the keen blade bit deep into the trunk. My sons made admiring sounds until I tried to get the axe head out. It wouldn't budge until all of us pulled on it at once.

"Not quite so lavish with the muscles this time, Paul Bunyan," my wife purred.

I toiled away furiously in the gloom, my arms and back aching. "Watch how . . . it's done . . .

boys . . ." I gasped. "Notice how I have carefully . . . chopped the trunk so that . . . it will fall away from us."

"Tim-berr!" Davie suddenly shouted.

"Run for it, boys!" my wife screamed.

"There must be a mistake!" I yelled, diving headlong into a friendly snowbank. The tree crashed noisily to earth where we had been standing. It was more stimulus than Fred needed. He trotted happily off to the barn, horse-laughing to himself.

The four of us finally dragged our tree to the farmhouse, where I managed to stuff it into the station wagon.

Once home, it was apparent we could stand it up in the living room only by cutting off the top six feet of it.

"We could simply saw a hole in the ceiling," I suggested.

"That way we could enjoy the tree both here and upstairs in the bedroom."

"We can't take off the top of the tree. It's too lovely," my helpmate decided.

All of which may explain why, if you pass our house on Christmas morning, you will see no sign of life. We'll be out in the back yard seated in the snow around our lovely, uncuttable tree and having a Christmas that is not likely to be matched in the future—I hope. □

SOME IDEAS NEVER CAUGHT ON



Like this 1901 Phelps Tractor. It was powered by steam and controlled by reins as if the driver were guiding a horse.



**BUT THIS BETTER IDEA FROM
FORD HAS BEEN GAINING
ACCEPTANCE FOR MORE THAN
FORTY YEARS!**



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To make certain owners could maintain their cars economically, Henry Ford wanted customers to have the opportunity to make a needed replacement with either a brand-new part or a part carefully remanufactured to strict Ford engineering specifications and quality control standards . . . and available at substantial savings.

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Next time your Ford needs a replacement part, ask for a Ford Authorized Remanufactured part at your Ford dealer's service department or parts counter. You'll save money.

It's an exclusive service for Ford owners.

ANYONE WHO HAS traveled to the Hawaiian Islands has seen tapa, that decorative paper-like product indigenous to the islands of the Pacific Ocean. In fact, visitors to the islands usually bring some of it back with them to hang proudly on the wall of the rumpus room or serve as a tablecloth or place mats during festive occasions.

Referred to as "the trademark of Polynesia," tapa is made from the inner bark of the mulberry tree by tedious soaking and beating, and is produced mainly in Samoa, Fiji, Tahiti and Tonga.

tapa trail is Ulu Mau Village, a recreation of an ancient Hawaiian village.

A drive up the eastern coast of Oahu to the Polynesian Cultural Center is another worthwhile venture. At this attractive South Seas center native girls from Tonga demonstrate their methods of beating and painting tapa. Walls and ceilings of grass-thatched huts in the Tongan Village at the Cultural Center are covered with symbolically painted tapa.

But that's not all. Gift shops at both the Bishop Museum and the

TAPA Trademark of Polynesia

Story and photos by Sally McCracken

Tapa can be seen in various places in Hawaii. It is often incorporated into the decor of hotels and nightclubs. At the Bishop Museum near Honolulu on the island of Oahu one can view priceless pieces of this versatile material. At the Queen Emma Museum block-printed pastel tapa can be seen as counterpanes on koa (Hawaiian mahogany) beds, as canopies overhead, and as tapestries on the walls. Another worthwhile stop on the

Polynesian Cultural Center, as well as department stores at Waikiki and Ala Moana Shopping Center in Honolulu, offer a large assortment of this attractively designed bark cloth for sale. Expect to pay about three dollars for a tapa-covered photo album, eight for a large tapestry, a dollar each for place mats and address books.

On the Big Island of Hawaii, a stop at the Mauna Kea Beach Hotel is mandatory for any tapa-seeker,

for in the upper corridors are 14 framed tapestries of rare Hawaiian tapa. In the nearby highlands of this island, the Waimea Village Inn's gift shop offers Fijian tapa wall-hangings as well as unusual cowboy hats made of tapa cloth. One problem: the salesgirl will warn you not

to wear the hats in the rain!

Because bark cloth has not been produced in Hawaii for over 100 years, authentic Hawaiian tapa is valuable on the antique market, but you'd probably have to attend a special auction to find any for sale. Recently a large pink tapa sold for

Garments made of tapa are prized by South Sea islanders



\$300 at the auction of a Hawaiian opera singer's estate. The late Ululani Jabulka used to cover banquet tables with tapa for her lavish luaus.

In a recent traditional ceremony, the King of Tonga walked on tapa—the Polynesian equivalent of a red carpet—from his palace to the chapel where he was crowned in 1967. As soon as the Queen of Samoa walks on tapa, it is cut into pieces and sold. No one ever walks on that tapa again.

Still a status symbol in Tonga and Samoa, fine tapa possessed in quantity indicates a family's wealth. The most treasured wedding and birthday gifts are made of tapa. Even today in Tonga, tapa bed covers are preferred because they are said to be warmer than sheet material and just as smooth.

In the old days, Pacific island natives wore tapa garments: sarongs and loin cloths of bark cloth. Newborn babes were swaddled in white tapa, and the dead were shrouded in lacy black. Royalty and high priests wore red and yellow designs. Even Captain Cook's bones were wrapped in tapa to be returned to his crew members after his murder on the Big Island in 1779.

Tapa is a reminder of the primitive culture that existed in Hawaii just 200 years ago, but it is also a symbol of the islands as they exist today—and no visitor to Hawaii should return without at least a tiny piece of "the trademark of Polynesia." □



Tapa paper is used for clothing . . .



book coverings, even floor mats



FOREST WITH A



by E. P. Haddon

BEAVER NATIONAL FOREST, in northern New Mexico, is America's smallest. Not only that, it's man-made. Covering only $1\frac{1}{4}$ acres, it includes simulated plants and trees that span four of the Southwest's life zones. In keeping with its diminutive size, its trees—piñon, juniper, ponderosa pine, spruce, fir—are smaller

TALKING BEAVER

than life-size. And even the fire tower, with its model of a ranger on lookout, is scaled to the size of the forest.

Being small, it's a great place for small fry. Youngsters are not only delighted with the miniature national forest but they learn things they never knew before. And what they learn comes from a unique talking beaver—also man-made and, in this case, larger than life. The beaver works its jaws and talks to any child who pushes a button to activate it.

The talking beaver tells the complete story of how the U. S. Department of Agriculture's Forest Service administers its national forests. The intriguing story of our forestry, wildlife and conservation programs is told in a way that is both entertaining and educational. As the story unfolds, the beaver calls attention to the exhibits surrounding him—loggers cutting timber, families setting up camp, anglers fishing in a stream, sheep and cattle grazing. All of this is done to scale and is impressive in its realism.

When the story is finished, the beaver proves himself multi-linguistic by repeating the talk in Spanish. There's a reason. Many of the people living in this northern New Mexico area are direct descendants of the Spanish Conquistadors who came to this region before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, and they still speak their native tongue.

The precise location of Beaver National Forest is north of Santa Fe on U.S. Highway 84 between Chama and Espanola, on the region's famed and colorful Ghost Ranch. On the forest's outer perimeter is a cleverly designed and unusual zoo exhibiting animals and reptiles (real ones) of the Southwest. Outdoor displays of proper—and improper—use of land have been prepared by the Soil Conservation Service, and in the adjacent Ghost Ranch Museum are the remains of dinosaurs found in the brilliantly colored bluffs and cliffs that surround the area.

The tiny forest, along with the zoo and museum, are year-round attractions and admission is free. Nearby is the Forest Service's Echo Canyon picnic and campgrounds, nestled among some of the Southwest's most staggeringly beautiful geological formations. The whole area is rated G for families. ☐

FAVORITE **Recipes** FROM
FAMOUS RESTAURANTS
by Nancy Kennedy



THE STOCKMAN SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

Twenty-two San Antonio businessmen recently decided to open a restaurant which would also serve as a tribute to the cattle industry. The result is The Stockman, a stunning new restaurant which appropriately is housed in a historic river-front building (409 East Commerce) where for a century expert leather craftsmen turned out saddles and bridles for ranchers and trail drivers. The establishment is also a museum which serves as a reminder that cattle, cowboys and cattlemen have made magnificent contributions to Texas history. There are six dining rooms in the multi-level restaurant, each dedicated to a different facet of the cattle industry. Entering the restaurant from the street level, guests are attracted to the exhibit of mounted steer heads topped by the famous Texas longhorn. The entire exhibit stretches four stories to the skylight roof and traces the improvements in various breeds of cattle up to the present time. Lunch and dinner served Monday through Friday; dinner only on Saturday and Sunday. Reservations necessary.

GAZPACHO

- 6-8 large tomatoes, peeled and seeded
- 1 clove garlic
- 2 cucumbers, peeled and seeded
- 1 large green pepper, minced
- 2 cups tomato juice
- ½ cup olive oil

- 1 medium onion, minced
- 2 tablespoons vinegar
- Few grains cayenne pepper
- Salt and freshly ground black pepper
- Croutons

Crush garlic and combine in bowl with tomato chopped into small pieces. Add finely chopped cucumber, minced green pepper and onion. Then add tomato juice, olive oil, vinegar and seasonings. Cover and chill for several hours. Taste for seasoning. Serve in chilled bowls with an ice cube or a cube of frozen tomato juice in the center and croutons on the side. Serves 12.

STUFFED ARTICHOKE

- 6 fresh artichokes
- Freshly squeezed lemon juice
- 2 quarts boiling water
- 2 teaspoons salt
- ½ cup olive oil
- 1 cup chopped mushrooms
- 2 cloves garlic, crushed
- 1 small onion, minced
- ½ cup melted butter
- ¼ cup chopped parsley
- ½ pound cooked, ground ham
- 1 cup grated Parmesan cheese
- 2 cups breadcrumbs

Cut tips from fresh artichokes and brush with lemon juice. Cook until tender in boiling water, to which salt and olive oil have been added. Remove, drain, and remove centers of artichokes. Sauté mushrooms, garlic, and onion in butter until browned. Stir in parsley, ham, cheese and breadcrumbs and mix well. Spoon into artichoke shells and heat at 324° about 15 minutes. Serve hot. Yield: 6 servings.



CAROLANDO MOTOR INN KISSIMMEE, FLORIDA

There are four beautiful restaurants and a show bar in this new motor hotel which is just a few miles from Disney World. The dining rooms range from the elegant Limey Jim's Pub and Show Bar (top photo) to the informal Big Bicycle Buffet (lower left) and Gatsby's Burgery (lower right). There are excellent family recreation facilities—swimming pools and indoor and outdoor playrooms. Reservations advisable for overnight accommodations and for dinner. The inn is just off Interstate 4 at the U.S. 192 exit. Norton Locke is the manager.

COCONUT MOUSSE with STRAWBERRY SAUCE

- 6 egg whites
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup 10X Sugar
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 cup coconut milk (or canned pina colado mix)
- 4 tablespoons gelatin, dissolved in tepid water
- 1 pint whipping cream, whipped
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup toasted coconut for topping

Beat egg whites, then add sugar by tablespoonfuls while beating, until meringue is in soft peaks. Gently stir in vanilla, coconut milk and dissolved gelatin. Place in refrigerator about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour then fold in whipped cream. Chill for additional $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Top with toasted coconut and strawberry sauce (below). Can be made in 6-ounce champagne glasses. Serves 6.

STRAWBERRY SAUCE

- 10 ounces frozen strawberries
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup fine coconut
- 1 ounce orange flavored liqueur

Blend well, allow to chill in refrigerator for 30 minutes.

CAROLANDO RUM PIE

- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely diced raisins
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup dark rum
- 1 pint chocolate ice cream
- 1 pint strawberry ice cream
- 1 pint vanilla ice cream
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup fine coconut chips
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely diced pistachio nuts
- 3 cups whipped meringue (8 egg whites)
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar to sweeten egg whites
- 9-inch graham cracker shell

Marinate diced raisins in rum for 3 hours, stirring occasionally. Allow ice cream to soften sufficiently to work with rubber spatula. Combine chocolate ice cream and rum-soaked raisins. Spread mixture onto bottom of pie shell. Sprinkle half of coconut on top of chocolate ice cream. Spread vanilla ice cream on top of chocolate. Sprinkle balance of coconut chips in a bowl; blend in strawberry ice cream and pistachio nuts. Spread on top. Place pie in freezer for 20 minutes or until ice cream is firm. Remove from freezer, cover with meringue and place pie under hot broiler so that meringue browns. Remove from oven and place in freezer for 15 minutes. Let set at room temperature a few minutes before serving. Makes 10-12 servings.



Letters

The Penny-Farthing Puzzle

Dear Sirs: I've enjoyed FORD TIMES so much over the years that I hate to be picky when I think I've caught you in an error.



On page 21 of the August, 1973, issue, in your biking article, **LAST OF THE BIG WHEELS**, you say, "The small wheel looked like a penny compared with the big British farthing up front." Now, the way I remember the British coinage, prior to decimalization, the penny was a big bronze coin. The farthing had the value of $\frac{1}{4}$ of a penny and was, I think, the smallest British coin. (See illustration.) So I guess the small wheel looked like a farthing compared with the big British penny up front. It would take a coin-collection nut to spot something like this.

Henry L. Thielen
Red Bud, Illinois

(Editor's Note: Others spotted it too. Guess we "short-changed" a lot of bike fans by getting these two coins mixed up.)

Ryan's Rabbits

Dear Sirs: The other night as I was watching television with my large white bunny rabbit (Donald) sitting at my side on the sofa, your Ford Pinto commercial came on the air. It was the commercial with "RYAN'S RABBITS" written on the side of the yellow Pinto filled with rabbits. Seeing that my maiden name is Ryan, that I have a pet rabbit, and have also just purchased a new yellow Pinto, I was wondering if you have Ford spies watching me.



As you can see by the photo, Donald loves our new Pinto as much as I do. He has just one question: your ad states that you can get 123 rabbits in a Pinto station wagon. Donald wants to know how many of his friends he could get in our Pinto Runabout.

Janet Ryan Vaughn
Holliston, Massachusetts

(Editor's Note: Too many!)

Follow these guidelines
when you look at the 1974 Ford LTD
and we think you'll find,
this isn't just another car slogan:

**"THE CLOSER YOU LOOK,
THE BETTER WE LOOK."**



1974 Ford LTD Brougham shown with optional deluxe wheel covers, WSW tires, bumper group, convenience group, accent stripes and cornering lamps.

You can easily tell if a car is good-looking. Deciding on car quality is not as simple.

We're so confident about the well-made Ford LTD, we suggest you check all cars for quality these ways:

1. Slam the doors. Listen for solid sound. Look for tight, even spacing around doors.

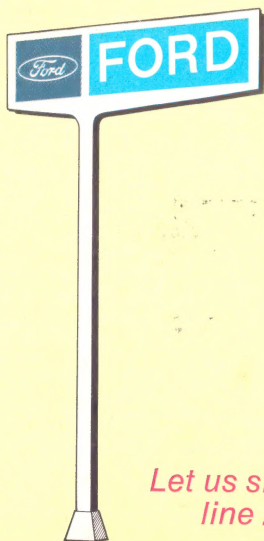
2. Look at how the hood joins the body. There should be even spacing, flush surfaces, a snug fit all around.

3. Check the luster and high gloss of the paint.

4. Look for an instrument panel that's been thought out. Buckle on the seat belt and see if you can reach all controls easily.

5. Bounce up and down on the seats. Feel for comfort and support. See if the seat adjusts easily, locks snugly. Upholstery should have a neat, well-tailored look.

Those are some of the things you should think about. But think about this. Everyone says compare. Ford tells you how.



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*Let us show you the entire 1974 Ford car
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